THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

HIS Highness the Nawab Nazim of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, accompanied by his sons and suite, are making a temporary sojourn on the sea coast at Bournemouth, preparatory to utilising, by a visit to the principal seats of manufacture and commerce, the protracted residence in this country rendered compulsory on his Highness by the unfortunate delay in replying to his memorial addressed to her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, on the 28th July, 1869.

The Prince of Wales has consented to lay the foundation stone of the new hospital at Edinburgh. The ceremony is arranged to take place on the 12th of October, and is to be made the occasion of a great Masonic demonstration. His Royal Highness will be installed a Patron of the Masonic Order in Scotland.

The Lord Mayor has received from the King of the Belgians a handsomely-mounted oil-painting, representing the Hotel de Ville at Brussels. Accompanying it is a letter from the Belgian Minister, requesting the Chief Magistrate of the City to accept the picture as a token of King Leopold's best esteem.

The memorial pillar to Daniel Defoe, which the boys and girls of England have raised over his grave in Bunhill-fields, was uncovered yesterday by Mr. Charles Reed, M.P.

The great St. Leger, run on Wednesday, was won by Mr. T. V. Morgan's Hawthornden. Time, 3 min. 18½ sec.

During the past week several families connected with the French Turf have arrived at Newmarket from France. Some of them have left behind them a considerable amount of property which could not be removed.

A law has been passed abolishing capital punishment in Holland.

One of the earliest ploughing matches held in the Autumn Season is that of the Kingscote Agricultural Society, which took place this year on Thursday, and the weather being fine there was a very large attendance. The number of competitors was considerably in excess of last year, no less than sixty-seven ploughmen having entered the lists. The All England Prize was won by Messrs. Ransome's man Barker, Colonel Kingscote's man Bayliss, who is a local veteran, running him a good second with a Ransome Plough. The Farmers' Sons' Cup was won by Mr. Mattick, and the most important prize of the day, viz., that for local ploughmen, was carried off by Mr. Burnett, the son of the Colonel's steward, after a keen competition with thirty-eight of the best ploughmen in the district. Both these young farmers used Messrs. Ransome's ploughs.

It is understood that Mr. Woolrych, the junior magistrate at the Lambeth police-court, will be appointed to fill the vacancy caused on the Westminster bench by the death of Mr. Selfe. Mr. Elliot, another of the magistrates of Lambeth, has resigned, and will, it is believed, be succeeded by Mr. Lushington, who was appointed in December last in succession to Mr. Benson, when that gentleman was transferred to the Southwark court. Two vacancies are now therefore at the disposal of the Home Secretary.

It will be some satisfaction to the survivors of the crew who perished in the unfortunate Captain to know that under a recent Act of Parliament widows of petty officers and seamen of the Royal Navy, and of non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Marines, drowned in the service of the Crown, may be allowed a gratuity equal to one year's full wages, according to the rating of their late husband at the time of his death, exclusive of any badge or extra or additional pay to which he might have been entitled, such allowance to be paid from the funds of Greenwich Hospital.

The Paris journal, the *Monde*, appeared on Monday in the form of a half-sheet, and gives as a reason the difficulty of procuring a supply of paper at this moment and the necessity of husbanding its resources. This scarcity, it says, arises from the rarity of the raw material, the stoppage of the factories, and the insufficiency of the means of transport, to the dearness of the stock, which is too small at present in Paris, as is stated in a circular addressed to the director of *Liberté*. This measure, which the journals will all be compelled to adopt, will be felt so much the less by the readers that no discussions in the Chambers have to be reported, and that advertisements are nearly at an end. The *Public*, the *Volontarie*, and the *Parlement* have ceased to appear for the reason above assigned, and the *Petite Presse* and the *Patre en Danger* are printed on whity-brown paper.

"What's in a Name?" has been asked before, and it is not so easy of solution as might at first sight appear. In fact the question assumes a variety of forms. What's in a name to a public performer?—a fortune. Then it might be asked as applying to great criminals, and to men of every class who have distinguished themselves either for good or evil. Then there are names such as "Smith," "Bug," &c., which owners would in many cases like to shelve for something more euphonious. We have heard of a certain gamekeeper who sought the advice of a clergyman with regard to a name for his first-born, when it was agreed that it should be "Nimrod;" but on the birth of the second son, no clerical advice being at hand, the gamekeeper and his wife had the boy christened "Ramrod." Spurgeon says he should not like to be godfather to anybody's child, but his objection is on account of the promises—not on account of any name its doting parents might give it; but what would Mr. Spurgeon have said if he had been present at the baptism of a little boy—now grown up to man's estate, and living in Lowestoft—when, in answer to the inquiry of the officiating clergyman, the father said—"Zaphnath Paaneah Obadiah Nicodemus Francis Edward?"

Twenty-two horses and two carriages—a portion of the Imperial *cortége* at Sedan—arrived at Harwich early on Saturday morning from Antwerp. The steam ship conveying them crossed the North Sea in a violent storm, but fortunately none of the animals, among which are two Arabian horses, said to be great favourites of the Empress, suffered any injury. They were brought on, after a period of rest, by the Great Eastern Railway to London, where they arrived under charge of Count Dauré and a retinue of 16 servants, at eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The horses were stabled during Sunday at M. Tureau's Half Moon Hotel, in the Borough, and yesterday at eleven a.m. they were forwarded by special train over the Brighton and South Coast Railway to Hastings. One of the carriages is an ordinary travelling landau, and the other is a kind of purgon, fitted up as a sleeping apartment for the Prince Imperial. The progress of the carriages and horses, with the Imperial servants, from the Half Moon Hotel to the railway station, was watched with great interest by a crowd of spectators.

Herr Gustav Freytag, the celebrated German novelist, favourably known to British readers as the author of "Debit and Credit," is one of the four German writers who are allowed to accompany the Prussian armies, in order to chronicle the events of the present campaign. In a recent number of the *Grenzboten*, of which he is the editor, Freytag paid a warm tribute to the memory of the late Charles Dickens. "The Pickwick Papers," he says, emancipated the German mind from the predominating influence of French fiction, and had a most powerful and healthy influence on German literature.

An amusing incident recently occurred, it is said, at Madame Tussaud and Son's Exhibition. An elderly French matron, suddenly finding herself face to face with the effigy of Count von Bismarck, commenced to abuse it in strong terms, and at last, carried away by her feelings, rushed at it, and had it not been for vigorous remonstrances and a little gentle force used by the employées of the establishment, would probably have spoiled the waxen features of the distinguished Count.

The photographs of the Emperor and Empress have disappeared from all the shop windows, and they are replaced by two caricatures which are sold at all the kiosques. The first represents the Emperor blacking the King of Prussia's shoes; the second, the Empress issuing from the Tuileries with a number of band-boxes. Underneath the latter is printed the refrain of the Sieur de Framboisie, "*Corbleu, Madame, que faites vous donc ici?*" While no terms are considered too vile for the Emperor, while he is abused for everything he has and has not done, the Empress is perhaps more popular now than she ever was, as it is considered that she acted with a good deal of pluck and dignity. The portrait, too, of General Uhlrich is in great demand. It is sold for a sou, and it is to be hoped that he is a little better looking than his portrait.

In providing for the worst at Paris, the French Government have within the last few days purchased several steam fire-engines in this country. Three powerful machines of this kind, manufactured by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of London, have been already shipped, two for the service of the Parisian Fire Brigade, and one for the Eastern of France Railway Company; a fourth will follow shortly for the Ministry of Public Works. Engines by these makers, constructed on the same system, gained the first prize gold medal at the Paris Exposition three years ago. The North German Government have been supplied with some others for the protection of the dockyards at Kiel and Dantzic.

The first three camp marauders—rich peasants from Alsace, one of whom when taken had 2,000 thalers in his possession—have just been shot at Spandau. Three others have been committed to the prison of Moabit to have the evidence against them completed. The men were privately executed within the walls of the fortress.

The *Journal de Geneve* gives the following account of a sad accident upon Mont Blanc:—Three travellers—an Irishman and two Americans—with three guides and five porters, left Chamounix on Monday morning, to arrive that day and sleep at the Grands-Mulets. The weather was fine, but the next morning there was so violent a storm that the inhabitants of Chamounix naturally supposed that the travellers would have given up the idea of an ascent of Mont Blanc, and would not have quitted the Grands-Mulets. There was, therefore, no disquiet respecting them in the valley. News came, it is true, in the evening that from the Croix de Flégère and from Brévent that they had been seen starting for Mont Blanc in spite of the tempest, and that they had arrived upon the Dromedary's Hump, an hour's march distant from the summit; that they had been seen suddenly to collect together, and to hold fast one to another, and then to disappear in the snow-wreaths raised by the wind. In spite of this, however, people persisted in believing that they must have sheltered themselves against the wind in some nook or crevice of the ice, and therefore there was no great occasion to fear for the result. However, when the next day the proprietor of the Pavilion de la Pierre-Pointue arrived, expressing his astonishment at finding that no one had re-descended, people began to have serious apprehensions regarding the fate of the travellers. The day was too far advanced to render it possible to make any immediate search, but on the following morning thirty-two young men of the valley went off in search of them. Unfortunately, the shocking weather which prevailed prevented them from passing the Pavillon of Pierre-Pointue, situated at two hours' journey from Chamounix. They were obliged to retrace their steps without being able to do anything. On the following day a new attempt was made by twelve courageous young men, but again the rain and the wind would not permit them to scale the mountain. At the hour of writing there remains no hope that these unfortunate people have escaped death. It is probable that at the moment when they were seen for the last time grouped together on the top of the Bosses du Dromadaire, they were making a supreme effort to withstand the tempest, so terrible on those heights; that their effort was of no avail, and that they were precipitated together upon the Glacier du Miage, which spreads out on the side of the Allée Blanche. We have been furnished with the names of two of the guides, Jean Balmatek and Joseph Breton, who were well known on account of their numerous ascensions. One of the porters was a young Garde Mobile, who, on account of being the support of his family, was excused from service and sent home a few days previously. His father was killed some years ago on the Grands-Mulets, by the falling of a stone detached from a rock. This terrible drama, the only witness to which was the waste of snow, has produced at Chamounix an emotion which we shall not attempt to describe. The whole of the valley is literally in mourning.

INCIDENTS OF THE WAR.

CAPTAIN BERNARD VON ROON, chief of a brigade of artillery, and son of the Prussian Minister of War, has just died of the wounds he received at the battle of Sedan.

An officer communicates the fact that during the war of 1866 against Austria eight brothers of his were in the Prussian army. In the present French war there are nine engaged: two are captains of infantry, three are captains of cavalry, and four are lieutenants. "If," adds the tenth brother, "I had not lost a part of my right arm, I should certainly not be absent."

Two brothers, natives of America, but the sons of German parents, have arrived in Berlin from California, which they left, without letting their parents know anything of their intentions, to join the Prussian army as volunteers. They are powerful young fellows, with plenty of money. Such instances, however, are common. Hundreds of young men have arrived from America for the purpose of joining the armies of the Vaterland.

Among the victims sacrificed at the battle of Marsla-Tour was Dr. Hermann Pabst, one of the most promising historical writers of Germany. He was engaged upon a work on Italian history, especially with reference to the lives of the Popes. When the war broke out he left Naples to take part in it, and met his untimely fate as adjutant to the 2nd Grenadier Brandenburg Regiment.

After the slaughter at Vionville, on the 18th of August, a strange and touching spectacle was presented. On the evening call being sounded by the 1st Regiment of Dragoons of the Guard, 602 riderless horses answered to the summons, jaded, and in many cases maimed. The noble animals still retained their disciplined habits.

Since war was declared all German papers have been excluded from France, and the same fate has been shared by some of the principal organs of England, Belgium, and Austria. The Germans, on the contrary, have allowed the free circulation of all French papers. The wisdom of the latter step has been apparent to every impartial observer; the folly of the former has been manifested by the total ignorance of the French as to the true state of matters on which the very existence of their country depended.

The losses of the German armies at the battle of Vionville, according to the official accounts published in the German papers, are 626 officers, 15,925 privates and non-commissioned officers, and 1,832 horses. In this statement the losses sustained by the 7th Regiment of Cuirassiers, the 16th of Lancers, and 13th of Dragoons, as well as those of the Dragoons of the Guard, who had suffered severely on the 16th of August, are not included.

It is stated that the excitement among the population of Berlin, when the news of the decisive battle at Sedan became known, was so great that the presiding judge of the criminal court, where a prisoner was being tried before a jury, was obliged to suspend the trial till the next day, because the jury and counsel were too excited to pay proper attention to the case. The court adjourned by one of the counsel's giving a hurrah for King William, which was taken up by the jury and audience, and three times repeated in the most hearty manner.

The rejoicings in Berlin in celebration of the splendid victories of Germany have been universal, in spite of the sad tidings which attend the war. One worthy citizen, says the Berlin papers, wishing to manifest both his joy and sorrow, hung four small flags of mourning from his windows. Upon being questioned as to the cause, he remarked that he had had four sons, and all these had sacrificed their lives in helping to obtain the German victories.

A letter from Paris states that the French General Legrand, who fell at the battle of Gravelotte, has left eleven daughters behind him — unprovided for. A national subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of obtaining means for their education, and for their marrage portions.

There was lately published, in several German papers, a curious prophecy of Nostradamus, according to which Louis Napoleon was to reign as Emperor exactly seventeen years and nine months. It is worth noticing how this prophecy has been fulfilled. On the 2nd of December, 1852, Napoleon was made Emperor, and on the 2nd of September, 1870, he became prisoner to the King of Prussia Another seer appeared in 1868. "An Italian publisher has"—so said the *International* in one of its issues of that year—"brought out an almanack, representing the dial of a clock. In the centre was the Emperor's likeness, and the hours were marked as follows: One o'clock, Repubblica; two o'clock, Presidenza; three o'clock, 2 Dicembre; four o'clock, Sebastopol; five o'clock, Proclama di Milano; six o'clock, Magenta e Solferino; seven o'clock, Villafranca; eight o'clock, Nizza e Savoia; nine o'clock, Messico; ten o' clock, Occupazione di Roma; eleven o'clock, Guerra alla Prussia (war against Prussia); twelve o'clock, Caduta dal trono (fall from the throne)."

A Danish paper speaks seriously of a new disease having arisen in Denmark, it is called the "Weissenburger fever." It appears that when the success of the German troops at Weissenburg became known in Denmark, the excitement caused by the defeat of the French army brought on numerous disorders of a nervous character, which showed themselves in fever, severe stomach affections, &c., to which the doctors have given the name of "Weissenburger fever."

We read that, by order of the Minister of War, the French prisoners are to be supplied with white bread instead of the ammunition bread which is generally served out to the Prussian soldiers. It appears that the French cannot digest the black bread.

The first number of the "Amtliche Nachrichten für das General-Gouvernment Elsass" (Official news of the Chief Government of Alsace), published at Haguenau, the present seat of the German Government, has appeared in a diminutive form, and contains, both in German and French, the most important decrees of the new régime, as well as news from the seat of war. This is the first official German organ published in the reconquered provinces. It was produced under the greatest difficulties, and with the worst materials. The town—though having a population of 12,000 inhabitants, a splendid theatre, barracks, riding school, library of 600 volumes, numerous manufactories, and a yearly revenue of 500,000 f.—possesses but one printing and lithographic establishment, employing four men! There is not a bookseller in the place; but there are two "libraries," as two general stores are called, where, in addition to all varieties of goods, primers and prayer-books can be bought. Only one little paper, destitute of political intelligence, appears weekly.

Prince Felix Salm-Salm, major in the 4th Prussian Grenadier Guards, "Queen Augusta," who was killed at Gravelotte on the 19th of August, while heading his battalion, was one of the heroes of the Mexican war. After the catastrophe at Queretaro he returned to Europe to resume his military career in the Prussian army. He was in his 42nd year.

The Rinderpest is spreading from Kaiserslautern through the Rhine Palatinate. It is said to have been imported on the 15th of August, by some transports of Podolian cattle for the use of the Saxon corps. According to the latest official news from Austria, this epidemic has shown itself in several communes of Transylvania and Gallicia. Other Austrian States are reported to be free. In Transylvania the disease appeared in the early part of August, and three communes lost, by the 16th of the same month, 142 head of cattle.

The suite of the Emperor Napoleon consists of the Princes Ney and Murat, Generals Cartaneau, Pajol, Voubert de Genlis, and General Reille—who took the Imperial letter to King William—Generals Douay and Lebrun are not in Cassel. On Thursday evening arrived the Princess Murat. A telegraph and post-office will be established in the Castle. The servants of the Emperor and his suite, including those sent by King William, number 130; they are boarded all at the Hôtel Schombardt, while the Emperor's meals are prepared by the cooks sent by the Queen of Prussia.

Madame Mathilde Heine, the widow of Heinrich Heine, has placed her house in the Rue de la Courcelle, Paris, at the disposal of the Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded. Madame Heine, as is well known, is by birth a Frenchwoman.

There are among the French prisoners at Stettin two men belonging to a regiment named Zephyrs. These men are distinguished from their red-trousered brethren by wearing nether garments of blue. This regiment of Zephyrs is composed of criminals—not of the lowest class, such as thieves—who are permitted to purchase their freedom by acts of bravery on the field of battle.

It is calculated that to transport the captured French army of MacMahon, with all its belongings into Germany, no fewer than 500 trains, running on two railways, will be necessary; and that by travelling day and night incessantly, the time consumed cannot be less than fourteen days.

Letters from Marseilles describe the excitement following the news of the surrender at Sedan. The people behaved like madmen. They rushed *en masse* to the Bourse, decapitated the statue of the Emperor, and derisively rolled the trunk through the streets and flung the eagles into the port. They pitched inkstands at the pictures of the Imperial family, breaking furniture to atoms, tearing down curtains and reducing them to shreds, and regaling themselves from the cellars. After thus quenching their thirst, they received arms, and forthwith commenced spy-hunting. A man who was suspected took to his heels and escaped; and it is stated that many of the secret police, as well as the Commissaire Central and his secretary, are locked up in the dungeons under the Prefecture.

Of the French prisoners taken at Sedan, 12,500 will remain at Cologne and its neighbourhood. 8,000 have been sent to Coblentz, who will be encamped upon the Karthause, a plateau where about 500 tents have been erected for their accommodation. Among the prisoners are 9 generals of division, 13 brigadier-generals, 34 colonels, 32 lieutenant-colonels, 80 majors, and 56 captains. All officers are permitted to change their uniform for civil attire, of which permission most of them avail themselves. Saxony will receive 5,000, and Bavaria 10,000 of these prisoners. There are at present more than 130,000 French prisoners in German hands.

Captain von Poncet, of the 2nd Hussar regiment of household troops, was the first Prussian who entered Luneville and Nancy. He received the large gilt town key of Luneville, and brought it to the Crown Prince.

General Billard, who was a prisoner at Sedan, has escaped. Dressed as a peasant, he went through the Prussian forces, and arrived safely in Paris, where General Trochu has given him the command of Fort St. Denis.

Among the French prisoners, M. Tacqusson, the well-known champagne manufacturer, is one. When captured he was dressed in a most fantastic style, said to be the style of a captain of Gardes Mobiles; but it more resembled the costume usually worn by the operatic martial heroes of "Fra Diavolo."

Many anecdotes of the battle-field serve to show that even there the cherished instincts, if they may be so termed, are retained. A case in point. The well-known ancient custom of the Jews to observe the anniversary of their father's death by a religious service, celebrated by ten of their members, was not neglected at the battle of Wörth. A Prussian doctor, a Jew, observing a soldier evidently in search of something, inquired what he needed. "Are you a Jew?" asked the man. Receiving an affirmative reply, "Come with me, then," returned the man. "My comrade wishes to observe the day of his father's death, and we are only nine." It is needless to say that the surgeon readily acceded to his pious request, nor to add that this soul mass was most devoutly performed.

MacMahon lies in the Castle of Fourru-aux-Bois, near Sedan. He has so far progressed favourably, and is now able to take nourishment. Hopes are entertained that in another three weeks he will be able to bear removal. Madame MacMahon is with him, as well as his children, consisting of three sons and one daughter. The eldest boy is only eleven years old.

Dupres, the artiste who has reaped such honours in Paris, has placed his country house at Vermandois at the disposal of the Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded. Madame Artôt Padilla and other noted artistes have followed the example.

We learn from Dresden that among the fallen at Sedan is Captain Adolph von Berlepsch, a brave officer and well known literate. His brother was killed at the battle before Metz. These officers were the descendants of that Berlepsch who conducted Martin Luther to the Wartburg.

In the list of French wounded at Wörth, we find the name of Parmentier, head of the Genie Corps, and husband of the celebrated lady violinist, Therèse Milanollo.

Every soldier passing through Rheims will receive a bottle of champagne, as Rheims is known to be the head-quarters for the manufacture of that sparkling wine.

In a letter from a soldier of Berlin, who is with the army before Metz, the following statement is made: "During the last three weeks we have been resting with no roof over us but the sky, and have suffered considerably from wet. For the last few days we have been exposed to continuous heavy rain; our clothes are rotting on our bodies. If only we had woollen shirts! Would that our townsmen knew the value of their gifts! If all had arrived here in due order the soldiers would be deeply grateful; but, from all that has been collected for our benefit, nothing has reached us. If we could only obtain a change of linen we should be happy. As it is now, we are covered with vermin.

The inhabitants of the town of Lübben and the surrounding villages are in deep mourning. It appears that the losses sustained by the 3rd Battalion of the Brandenburg Jägers, which had been principally composed of men drafted from these places, have been so severe that there is no family which has not to lament the death of either a husband, son, or some near relation. It is, in fact, a vast family of mourners.

THE CAPITULATION OF SEDAN.

COUNT BISMARCK has addressed the following statement from Donchery, under date of the 2nd inst., to the King of Prussia:—

After I had yesterday evening attended here, in accordance with your Majesty's commands, to take part in the negotiations concerning the capitulation, these negotiations were interrupted till about one o'clock at night, in consequence of our acceding to a request for some time for consideration which General Wimpffen made after General von Moltke had declared decisively that no other condition would be accepted but that of a surrender by the French army, and that the bombardment would be recommenced at nine o'clock in the morning if the capitulation had not by that time been completed. Early to-day, about six o'clock in the morning, General Reille was announced to me. He informed me that the Emperor wished to see me, and that he was already on his way hither from Sedan. The General immediately returned, to announce to his Majesty that I was following him; and shortly after, somewhere about half way between here and Sedan, near Frenois, I found myself in presence of the Emperor. His Majesty, with three superior officers, was in an open carriage, and besides this there were several other officers on horseback, among whom Generals Castelnau, Reille, and Moskowa, who appeared to be wounded in the foot, and Vaubert, were personally known to me. When I came to the carriage I dismounted, and, going up to his Majesty, asked him what were his commands. The Emperor immediately expressed a wish to see your Majesty, being apparently under the impression that your Majesty was in Donchery. After I had replied that your Majesty was at that moment in the headquarters at Vendresse, three miles distant, the Emperor asked if your Majesty had appointed a place to which he should next proceed, and eventually, what was my opinion on the matter. I replied that I had come hither in complete ignorance, and that the locality was unknown to me; and I offered for his accommodation the house I occupied in Donchery, which I was ready to leave at once. The Emperor accepted the offer, and directed his steps to Donchery. About a hundred yards, however, from the bridge leading into the town, he stopped before a labourer's house, rather lonely in its situation, and asked if he could not descend from his carriage there. I secured the house through Count Bismarck-Bohlen, Councillor of Legation, who had in the interval come up to me; and after we had been informed that it was narrow and poorly accommodated, but free from the wounded, the Emperor descended from the carriage, and requested me to follow him inside. There, in a very small room, which contained one table and two chairs, I had about an hour's conversation with the Emperor. His Majesty principally expressed a wish to obtain more favourable terms of capitulation for the army. I completely declined to negotiate on this matter with his Majesty whilst the purely military questions were to be settled between Generals von Moltke and Wimpffen. On the other hand, I asked his Majesty whether he was inclined to enter into negotiations for peace. The Emperor replied that, as prisoner, he was not now in a position to do so; and when I further asked through whom his views in relation to the government of France were now to be learned, his Majesty referred me to the Government then established in Paris. After this point, of which we could not safely form an opinion from the letter of yesterday from the Emperor to your Majesty, had been cleared up, I recognised, and I did not conceal the fact from the Emperor, that the situation to day, as yesterday, presented no other practical bearing but the military one; and I drew attention to the paramount necessity to us of having in our hands, through the capitulation of Sedan, before all things, a material pledge of the confirmation to us of the military advantages we had gained. I had already on the previous evening, with General von Moltke, discussed on every side the question whether it would be possible, without injury to the interests of Germany, to offer conditions more favourable to the sense of honour of an army which had fought so well than those already insisted upon. After due deliberation, we were both compelled to adhere decisively to a negative answer to this question. When, therefore, General von Moltke, who meantime had come out of the town, went to your Majesty to lay before you the wishes of the Emperor, it was not, as your Majesty knows, to speak in their favour. The Emperor went out into the open air, and invited me to sit beside him before the door of the house. His Majesty asked me if it was not practicable to let the French army cross the Belgian frontier, that it might be there disarmed and interned. I had already discussed this contingency also with General von Moltke on the previous evening, and, for reasons already alluded to, I could not enter into a promise of this compromise. In reference to the political situation, I, on my part, took no initiative, nor the Emperor either—only in so far as he lamented the misfortunes of the war, and declared that he himself had not wished for the war, but that he had been compelled to make it by the pressure of French public opinion. By inquiries in the town, and in particular through reconnoitrings by the officers of the general staff, it was made known, somewhere between nine and ten o'clock, that the Château Bellevue, at Frenois, was given up for the reception of the Emperor, and was unoccupied by the wounded. I announced this to his Majesty in this form: I mentioned Frenois as the place which I would propose to your Majesty as the place of meeting; and I therefore suggested to the Emperor whether he ought not to go there immediately, as a delay inside the small labourer's house was unsuitable to him, and he, perhaps, was in want of some repose. His Majesty readily agreed to the suggestion, and I conducted the Emperor, preceded by a guard of honour of your Majesty's regiment of Body Guards, to the Château Bellevue, where meantime the remainder of the suite and the equipage of the Emperor, whose arrival there out of the town appeared to be considered uncertain, had come from Sedan. General Wimpffen had also arrived, and with him, while waiting for the return of General von Moltke, General Podbielski resumed the conversation in reference to the negotiations for capitulation, which had been broken off on the previous day, in presence of Lieutenant von Verdy and the chief of General Wimpffen's staff. I was just taking part in the introduction of these negotiations by laying before them the political and moral aspect of the situation, as affected by what the Emperor said to me, when I received from Rittmeister Count of Noslitz, on the order of General von Moltke, the information that your Majesty would not see the Emperor until after the completion of the capitulation of the army. This announcement extinguished on both sides the hope that any other conditions than those already offered would be agreed to. I rode after this to Chénery to see your Majesty, that I might announce to you the position of affairs. I met on the way General von Moltke, with the text of the capitulation as approved by your Majesty; which, after we entered Frenois, was, without controversy, accepted and signed. The conduct of General Wimpffen, like that of the other French Generals on the preceding night, was very dignified; and this brave officer could not refrain from expressing to me his pain at being called upon, forty-eight hours after his arrival from Africa, and half a day after his receiving the command, to sign his name to a capitulation so fatal to the French arms. But the want of provisions and ammunition, and the absolute impossibility of any further defence, had, he said, laid upon him, as a General, the duty of sinking his personal feelings, since further bloodshed could not make any change in the situation. Our agreement to let the officers depart on parole was received with lively gratitude, as an expression of the intention of your Majesty to spare the feelings of an army which had fought bravely, as far as the demands of our military and political interests would allow. To this feeling General Wimpffen has given emphatic expression in a letter in which he has returned General von Moltke his thanks for the considerate manner in which the negotiations on his side were conducted.

COUNT BISMARCK.

THE EX-EMPEROR AT WILHELMSHÖHE.

THE following account of the Retreat of the ex-Emperor of the French, with which we have been favoured, will be read with interest:—

I am living at Cassel—Cassel, celebrated for the "slowness" of its town, and for the great beauty of its surrounding scenery, the queen of which is about three miles distant—Wilhelmshöhe, the residence allotted by the King of Prussia to the fallen Emperor of the French. On Sunday afternoon, as I was returning from my usual constitutional, I suddenly observed a friend of mine taking a run at me, with the hasty step and peculiar expression of face which denotes the possession of the very latest intelligence. His first words were, "Louis is coming to the Wilhelmshöhe to-morrow." Observing my smile of incredulity—for such a proceeding appeared to me as rather a stretch of magnanimity on the part of Wilhelm I.—he added: "I have it from the very best authority, and before we get back into town we shall probably find the bill-stickers at work." Such was really the case, and groups of soldiers, citizens, and other individuals, were assembled at each corner, eagerly devouring the official telegram. The various comments to which the intelligence gave rise were for the most part not very flattering to "Louis." I must confess that I awaited the following day with some impatience, and remembering the old adage of the "early bird," I was the next morning tolerably early on the *qui vive* trying to worm out at what hour the Emperor might be expected, and was told, to my infinite disgust, that he had already arrived at three A.M. Not quite crediting this statement, I started off for the Wilhelmshöhe, and satisfied myself as to its incorrectness. I found all sorts of preparations being made for the expected guest. While refreshing my inward man with a glass of "lager-bier" and a sandwich (*i.e.*, a German sandwich, not to be confounded with our own), a friend of mine, Baron von H., who holds a high official appointment under the Prussian Government, luckily entered the Speisesaal, and informed me that the Emperor would not arrive before evening, and would leave the train at the Wilhelmshöhe station, which is about half-way between Cassel and the Wilhelmshöhe itself. The exact hour of his arrival it was impossible to say, on account of the great difficulty of traffic, which, owing to the war, still exists in Germany. Under these circumstances, I considered it best to remain where I was; I do not mean in the hotel, but on the Wilhelmshöhe, and to take note of what was going on in the neighbourhood of the Schloss, which, through the kind aid of the friend above mentioned, I was more easily enabled to do. The preparations, which were on an extensive scale—dusting, scrubbing, polishing, and so forth—were going on at every corner; but this was, after all, I presume, merely a matter of form, for to my inexperienced eye everything appeared to me to be in perfect order already. To make room in the royal stables for the numerous horses and equipages of all kinds belonging to the Emperor himself and to his civil and military household, a reserve battery belonging to a section of the 11th Regiment of the Hessian Horse Artillery, which had been stationed for some weeks at the Wilhelmshöhe, went into cantonments in two of the adjacent villages, and the sentry boxes, which since 1866 had been partially removed, were again placed around the castle. At seven P.M. 150 men of the 80th Regiment of Fusiliers, quartered in Cassel, arrived in command of a captain, and formed up in front of the castle, around which doubled sentries were posted. I now thought it time to make my way down to the station, which I expected to find peopled with an inquisitive crowd. I was, however, much deceived; there were comparatively but few persons there. I was thus enabled to procure myself a first-rate place, and could undisturbed await the coming events. At half-past nine o'clock the Emperor arrived in a special train by the Main-Weser Railway, coming from Giessen, accompanied by Generals Felix Douay and Lebrun, who, like himself, are prisoners of war, and attended by General von Boyen, who up till then had officiated as the King of Prussia's Adjutant-General at headquarters. As it was the King's wish that the Emperor should be regarded as a reigning monarch, the heads of the civil and military authorities at Cassel had assembled to receive him at the station; also a company of infantry, as guard of honour, and a detachment of Hussars, whose duty it was to prevent the public from entering the precincts of the station. The Emperor and the generals above mentioned were in a handsome Belgian state carriage. The former was in a general's full-dress uniform, but without his sword, his breast covered with orders, and his head with the military French cap. He is very corpulent; his hair and long twisted moustache are grey; he has a dark brown complexion, and a fiery, piercing eye. As he stepped out of the carriage on to the platform, the guard of honour presented arms, and the drums and fifes played a march. The Prussian civil and military authorities were then presented to him, with whom he conversed, for the most part, in German. At the moment of the Emperor's arrival, the officer commanding the detachment of Hussars galloped off to report it to the captain in command of the infantry at Wilhelmshöhe, and on his return the Emperor entered a close carriage belonging to Graf Monts, the Governor of Cassel—who, by the way, has lost a son in this unhappy war—and, preceded by the officer of Hussars, was, with the three generals, driven off to his place of destination. On his arrival at the castle, a second edition of drums and fifes, ditto of presenting arms, took place. About a quarter of an hour later eleven carriages followed, containing the heads of the Emperor's civil and military household, who also for the most part took up their quarters in the castle; and at about half-past eleven the Fusiliers marched back to Cassel, leaving about thirty men for sentry duty at the guard-house on the Wilhelmshöhe. The military preparations which had been made were more to protect the Emperor from any annoyance than as a guard, as it was expected that a great crowd would have assembled to await his arrival. This was, as I have already observed, not the case. At the station there were but few, and at the Wilhelmshöhe about fifty people, who either live there, or are strangers staying at the hotel; among the latter were two Berliners, who had come all the way from the Prussian metropolis for the purpose. The castle, especially the apartments in the first story on the right hand side of the foremost façade, was brilliantly lighted up, and remained so up to a tolerably late hour. As, however, I jumped into my friend's carriage, and drove back to Cassel, darkness had again resumed her sway, and Louis Napoleon had, as a prisoner of war, commenced the first quiet night he has had for many a weary week, in the same castle in which, more than half a century since, his uncle, during his seven years' reign, used to pass the summer months.

It is stated that the first engagement of the battle of Beaumont was commenced by the Prussian Captain von Stückradt. Riding towards Beaumont, accompanied by six Hussars, to reconnoitre, the party was met in a wood by a French patrol, which fired on them, and then retired to their camp. It was dinner-time, and all were busily engaged in cooking and eating. The patrol having retired, Von Stückradt concluded his survey uninterruptedly, drew up his battery, and, unobserved, brought his fire to bear on the camp, spreading consternation amongst the unguarded hungry cooks.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

LYCEUM.—Innesfallen. Seven.
PRINCESS'S.—Wanted, a Thousand Milliners—The Rapparee—The Happy Man. Seven.
GAIETY.—Ballet—Beggars' Opera—Bluebeard. Seven.
OLYMPIC.—Poppleton's Predicaments—Handsome Is that Handsome Does—Undine. Seven.
STRAND.—A Day after the Wedding—A School for Coquettes—The Idle 'Prentice—The Chops of the Channel. Seven.
ROYALTY.—Our Nelly—Julius Cæsar—Deaf as a Post.
NEW QUEEN'S.—A Midsummer Nights' Dream. Seven.
VAUDEVILLE.—Chiselling—Two Roses—Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

THE tragedy at Sedan, which overthrew the French Empire, has been duly followed by a farce in Hyde Park. The revolutionary veterans of the Parisian mob having once more proclaimed a Republic from the windows of the Tuileries, the riffraff of London has once more assembled in Hyde Park to attempt a feeble imitation of their proceedings. The people of Paris and the London roughs are equally inspired by reminiscences. If the Parisians have overturned Royalty, have not the Londoners in their turn torn down railings? If the Parisians can animate their enthusiasm by dwelling on the wrongs of patriots sent to perish in the swamps of Cayenne, cannot the Londoners appeal to the outraged liberty of Fenian rebels sent to pick oakum at Pentonville? It naturally follows, therefore, that when VICTOR HUGO and HENRI ROCHEFORT resume their functions as leaders of the people on the Boulevards, EDMOND BEALES and GEORGE ODGER should in their humble way reappear in Hyde Park. GAMBETTA takes advantage of a national convulsion to proclaim the Republic in France; Mr. SHIPTON, a painter, rises up amongst us, and takes advantage of a Saturday half-holiday to declare that he would like to proclaim a Republic in England. It must be confessed that the British demonstration strikes one as wanting in most of the attributes which impart an imposing character to democratic movements across the Channel. We cannot feel frightened of Mr. SHIPTON. We cannot even feel seriously enraged with him. It is a pleasant thing to find out with his assistance how uninflammable British crowds still remain even when inspired by the noble example of triumphant French Revolutionists. The strength of Mr. ODGER'S gathering is estimated at from two to three hundred, and even this assemblage included Democrats with a sufficiently strong sense of generosity to enjoin one speaker, who began to abuse the Emperor NAPOLEON, not "to kick a dead 'un." The remonstrance was not expressed in polished language, but the sentiment by which it was animated was praiseworthy. Long may British insurrections continue to be conducted like that of Saturday afternoon! A few policemen can always be present to keep order, and the insurgents can go comfortably home to supper without either having to lose a day's wages or their Sunday at home. Apropos to that last consideration we congratulate the promoters of the present demonstration on the good sense which led them to fix the proceedings for a Saturday instead of a Sunday. The universality of the half-holiday system ensures them as good an attendance on the last day of the week as on the day of rest, and the Park is still left available on the Sunday for the purpose of innocent recreation. On Saturday evening the leaders of the Hyde Park meeting met again for a little more political discussion in St. James's Hall, and indulged in some further abuse of NAPOLEON, and in renewed expressions of sympathy with the Republic. One speaker, who moved an important resolution, to the effect that the meeting should hail recent events in France with gladness, incidentally observed that whenever he met with the word Republic it so excited him that he could not trust his own feelings. It is to be hoped that he refrains as a rule from perusing the daily papers, or the continual perturbation of his mind just now must be dangerous to his health.

The evidence of the crew of the ill-fated Captain is now before us, and there is no longer any mystery as to the nature of the catastrophe. There was no neglect, no surprise. Captain BURGOYNE was himself upon deck. All that human skill could do was done; and yet there, in the midst of her consorts, the great ship rolled over, weighted by her top hamper and her iron turrets, until she was bottom upwards, and then, floating for a minute or two, a coffin for five hundred living men, she sank to the bottom. The story is brief and terrible. The Captain was under three double-reefed topsails, and a foretopmast staysail. A squall struck her, and she heeled over to leeward at an angle of eighteen. In vain were the orders given in rapid succession, "Let go the foretopsail halyards," "Let go fore and main topsail sheets." The ship heeled further and further over; the wind had now caught the underside of the hurricane deck, and its tremendous leverage, added to the weight of the turrets and iron tripod masts, was dragging the vessel to destruction. "Twenty-three—twenty-five degrees," was shouted by the man at the indicator, and then the Captain swung heavily over, floated bottom upwards for a minute, and sank. The boats upon deck had been thrown outwards as she turned over, and to one of these the survivors swam. Fortunately, it was covered with canvas, and beneath this the oars were found. Near them, clinging to the bottom of the pinnace, were Captain BURGOYNE and several men, but in vain did the men in the launch attempt to row back against the force of the wind to his rescue. Twice they made the effort, and each time the boat was swamped to the water's edge by the masses of water. At last, finding that the task was impossible, the boat's head was put about, and a course steered for the Spanish coast. No officer has been saved; but it is probable that even the captain himself could have thrown but little additional light upon the cause of the catastrophe. The Captain was an easy ship, the angle of rolling was small, and her weights, when at rest, easily and safely adjusted. But as the angle to which she rolled in a heavy sea increased, the weight of the heavy masts, of her turrets, and plating would tell upon her; and, above all, the wind acting upon the under side of her hurricane deck would exert an immense leverage, and the inevitable consequences would be that she would turn bottom upwards. It is an awful catastrophe, but at the same time it is better that it should have happened now than after we had built a fleet of vessels like the Captain—vessels unequalled in power, but possessing the fatal defect of top heaviness in a heavy gale.

Passers by Old Bond-street should stop opposite to the entrance to TRUEFITT'S, and near Mr. MITCHELL'S shop. They will find there a photographic establishment, at the doorway of which is a portrait of the late Mr. CHARLES DICKENS, which has one especial merit. It gives the flesh tones of the original. Those who knew Mr. DICKENS will recal that warmth of complexion, that full-blooded look of healthy, hardy manliness which prompted ARY SCHEFFER to remark that the author of "David Copperfield" was quite unlike what he expected to see. That eminent painter met Mr. DICKENS for the first time to make the admirable portrait which has recently become the property of the nation, thanks to the ever watchful care of the Secretary to the National Portrait Gallery, Mr. GEORGE SCHARF. "You are not at all like an author," remarked M. SCHEFFER to Mr. DICKENS, to the great delight of the latter, who asked, "What do *you* think I'm like?" "One of the Dutch Admirals in the great days," was the reply, and it was frequently quoted with pleasure by the great humourist. Mr. DICKENS'S habits of regular exercise, his keen enjoyment of the open air, his wiry frame, and his manly, genial bearing, gave him what M. SCHEFFER took for the maritime stamp; and when the story was first told, the author's English friends recognised the analogy warmly. It put into a succinct form what most of us had felt without defining, and this it is which the coloured photograph at Messrs. MASON'S expresses most clearly. An engraving has been just published from the photograph in question, and merits the attention of our readers. The colour is of course wanting, and a certain rigidity of outline is perceptible in consequence. It is somewhat too stern, too solid-looking for the DICKENS men knew and loved, and to be fully appreciated must be viewed by the light the coloured portrait gives. But it is a life-like likeness. It brings the man before us in his thoughtful aspect perfectly. The engraving is well executed, and is published for a small sum. Since Mr. DICKENS'S death there have been several portraits of him brought before the public, but we are disposed to give the palm to that taken from Messrs. MASON'S photograph, as portraying him as he was during the last years of his life more faithfully than the rest.

MY SECRET.

(FROM GEIBEL.)

On, on my good steed! I would fly, I would fly,
Still faster, my steed! Thou art creeping;
I must breathe the fresh air of the forest, or die
With the secret my heart has in keeping.

The sunset comes on like a wine-red stain
O'er the brow of the mountain stealing,
The birds sing and are glad in a jubilant strain
From the grove and the valley pealing.

O could I but rise with an anthem of love,
Like the lark in his joyous ascension,
And tell to the rosy-lipped heavens above
A joy beyond earth's comprehension;

Or rush, like a storm, on the wings of the wind
To the sea with my secret and hide it,
Of my newly-found treasure unburthen my mind,
And to the deep waters confide it!

In no mortal ear shall my secret sleep,
I cannot soar upward at pleasure,
I cannot fly forth like a storm o'er the deep,
Yet I must, I will speak of my treasure.

So hear it, pale moon! All that mirrors thy form
On earth or on ocean receive it:
She is mine, she is mine! Her last kiss is yet warm
On my lips, or I could not believe it.

The principal business of the Strasburger at mid-day is to "try" the beer. This prelude simply consists in the swallowing five or six chopes, as the beer-glasses are called. At about four o'clock he goes to the beer-house again, when the "tasting" becomes a more serious matter; the glasses are exchanged for canettes—glass jugs holding two glasses—but the dinner hour arrives, when he goes home faithfully to his family. He is not seen again at the beer-house till between eight and nine o'clock, but from that time till eleven he seems glued to his seat; and at this sitting *canettes* as well as *chopes* are replaced by formidable vessels called *moos*. Amongst the true amateurs of beer there are many who pursue their ideal from brewery to brewery, and do not cease tasting till they find it; a kind of electric current runs through the whole town, and when the ideal beer is found, the information runs through the whole population like wildfire—"The best beer this evening is at the Hope," for instance, is the word. All the other beer-houses begin to thin; you would imagine the whole population bewitched by evil spirits—whereas it is only beer that draws them—and soon there is not a seat to be found in the great drinking-rooms of the Hope.

The Grumbler.

WHAT was the meeting about that was held at the Pig and Whistle, Little Poormansworth, the other evening? Why, for the purpose of enabling several of our most respectable townsfolk and tradesmen to neglect their own business, and interfere with that of others; and, moreover, hear themselves talk a vast deal of nonsense. In other words, the meeting was convened by our revered ex-Mayor, Old Tacks, who has ever been foremost in the van of our Liberal Town Council, denouncing all despotism, and urging the universal adoption of socialistic government; or, in other words, that the world should be composed of one Great Brotherhood, to be governed, not by the Despotism of one man, but by the Tyranny and Ignorance of many. In other words, Old Tacks the Ironmonger, whose well-to-do establishment forms so great an ornament in High-street, is, politically, a raving, rank Republican of the reddest dye; and his opinions and sentiments have no doubt been strengthened by the fact of his having for years endured the most abject slavery at home, and where Mrs. Tacks has long taught him that if Man is the Master, he had better not try it on with her, for she will be Mistress. But what about the meeting? Well, the meeting was for the purpose of voting an address of congratulation to the French nation upon their happy escape from the bondage of Tyranny, and their once more proving to the world at large that they were the first, the foremost of all civilised nations, and, by this their latest act of enfranchisement, deserved well the recognition, as such, of all nations, and of Little Poormansworth in particular. Tacks, of course, was chairman, supported, and most ably so, by Tomkins, the fancy jeweller and toy-shop repository, a little higher up the street. Tomkins made a most telling speech,—saying that the town and population of Little Poormansworth had viewed with admiration the heroic and truly patriotic conduct of the great French nation,—a nation, he was proud to say, who could in the very moment of the first non-success of the sovereign that had led them upon their own urging to the field—the Sovereign who governed and restrained them from excesses for eighteen years, and who had been almost unanimously re-elected, as it were, by the late plebescite to the Sovereignty of France;—yes, when he unsuccessfully led them to Sedan with an army unprepared, ill organised, and with treachery in its troops, was compelled, for the sake of humanity, to stop the shedding of blood and the waste of human life, and surrender himself prisoner of war, then—yes then, France arose, in the shape of some half-dozen very correct lawyers, and another half-dozen more than questionable characters (always speaking politically), and in order to make up the round baker's dozen (as his honourable friend Mr. Councillor Rolls, the eminent baker of Little King Street, reminded him), nominated that distinguished officer and coming man, General Trochu (loud cheers); and they, yes they, the representatives of France, of civilised, enlightened, patriotic France, at once discarded every recollection or remembrance even of the sovereign they had urged into the war; who not only had for eighteen years kept them in subordination, rebuilt their capital, improved every city in France, and made Frenchmen not only commercial, but France regarded, and himself, as the representative of it, the first and greatest power in Europe. He, Tomkins, maintained, and Little Poormansworth would, he was convinced, endorse his words, when he said that France, throwing aside all personal feelings, and forgetting the great man they now left alone in his glory—and the woman who had, it is true, sought out the sick and suffering to aid them in time of the cholera, visiting all the hospitals and taking comfort and aid to the sufferers; just as her husband flew by the first train to Lyons at the time of its inundation, with the only means of alleviation to the ruined and unhoused sufferers, distributing gold to all around him;—France, putting aside all this, and much more too, showed by her present conduct and obliviousness of personal benefits, an example of patriotic forgetfulness unparalleled in the history of the world. He, Tomkins, could not sit down without moving that an address from the Town Council of Little Poormansworth be at once drawn up, expressing their's, the said Town Council's, high appreciation and admiration of the self-denial, abnegation, and patriotism, of the self-constituted Republican Government in France, and wishing them well out of the siege. This speech was received, of course, with cheers. Jones, Brown, Smith, and Robinson, all had something to say, but, of course, what they said not being worth anything, was not reported in the Poormansworth Gazette and High Street Advertiser. But it was ultimately moved and carried that Tomkins, the brilliant "pinchbec" Tomkins, be requested to be the bearer of an address to Monsieur Jules Favre, as representing the French Republican Government, and personally state to him how all Little Poormansworth was animated by a feeling of universal brotherhood, and how it longed to embrace and clasp the outstretched hand of France, trusting that the diplomacy of Europe would now step in and compel the Germans to withdraw from a soil they were insulting and sullying with their tyrannical footsteps. It has been further arranged that another meeting be convened for next Thursday, at the same hour and place, and the same party (Tacks), to take the chair, and that the object of the meeting be to drawn up an address to the Government, calling upon them at once to compel the Prussians to march out of France, the Emperor being a prisoner, the *causus belli* is of course at an end. This proposition has been numerously signed by our town council, and is considered a masterpiece of policy and German text, and was drawn up by old Rodds the schoolmaster, and engrossed by little Quill his writing-master. Somehow I expect it will be a stormy meeting, and so I shall make a point of attending it, and will give you a full account of it next week. But how about the Emperor? Why, for the present he is clear forgotten, except by the curious and inquisitive; but great men bide their time, and it is not the first occasion the Emperor Napoleon has had to wait for his; but be assured it will come again, and the better for France, despite all Little Poormansworth may think, that it do so speedily. In the meanwhile the Emperor will find out his friends, and learn

> "When fortune in her sift and change of mood
> Spurns down her late beloved; all his dependants
> Which laboured after him to the mountain top,
> Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down—
> Not one accompanying his declining foot."
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> TIM. OF ATH. I. 1.

The Man in the Stalls.

THE popular little Strand theatre re-opened for the winter season on Saturday evening, with a new burlesque, entitled *The Idle 'Prentice*, written by Mr. H. B. Farnie, a gentleman who makes his appearance, we believe, for the first time in this field of dramatic composition. Vague anticipations of scenes from Hogarth, of laziness ending in Tyburn or the hulks, and industry blessed with the hand of a master's daughter and riding in a Lord Mayor's coach, probably haunted the minds of some of the audience as they glanced at the title in the bills, but Mr. Farnie's theme has nothing to do with these subjects. His idle apprentice is no other than the scapegrace pupil of Mr. Wood, of Wych-street, in short, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's popular hero, Jack Sheppard. There was a time, not far remote, when the doings of that notorious malefactor were not only thought worthy of the pen of a popular novelist, and the pencil of a great artist, but were represented on our stage by eminent actors under the direct sanction of the Lord Chamberlain. The standard of public morality, however, has undergone a change since then. Mr. Ainsworth's novel, in which the escapes of the interesting young burglar were so vividly pourtrayed, has, we believe, ceased to be reprinted; Mr. Cruikshank's powerful illustrations are scarce; and the Lord Chamberlain absolutely refuses to renew his licence for the performance of the Newgate drama, in which Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Yates, and Mr. Paul Bedford, once achieved such an amazing popularity. In fact, the very name of Mr. Ainsworth's hero has come to be tabooed, and hence, we believe, its absence from the title of Mr. Farnie's piece. The *Idle 'Prentice* is, however, the Jack Sheppard of the novel and the drama, though with a considerable abatement of his criminal characteristics, and with a certain amount of indistinctness about his adventures and his relations with the *dramatis personæ* generally, which render him a comparatively harmless spectacle. In fact, but for the appearance of the old names in the novel, and something like a parody of the famous well scene, associated with Sir Rowland Trenchard, Mr. Farnie might be said to have cut his hero entirely adrift from Mr. Ainsworth's episodes and localities, his chief object having evidently been that of furnishing the numerous ladies of this theatre with opportunities of displaying their talents. In this he has been partly successful. Miss Jenny Lee is a clever and sprightly Little Jack; Miss Eleanor Bufton a picturesque Mephistophelian version of Jonathan Wild; Miss Amy Sheridan, a well-dressed Sir Rowland; while Miss Bella Goodall, in the interpolated character of Tom Tug, is provided with an excuse for dancing her favourite hornpipes in unexceptionable blue satin trousers; and Miss Kate Santley, as Winifred, the undertaker's daughter, is enabled to sing shrill notes and smile upon the audience with her customary perseverance. The transference of Mr. David James and Mr. Thorne to the new Vaudeville theatre has necessarily lowered the strength of the male element in the Strand company, but the management have already done a great deal to repair their loss in the person of a Mr. Poulton, who made his first appearance in London here on Saturday evening. The humour of his part is a little conventional. Mr. Farnie chooses to represent the Blueskin of his version of Jack Sheppard as a comic policeman of our days. The fun of the constable in blue, who takes babes, and courts cooks wholesale, has been, in fact, pretty well exhausted on the stage; but Mr. Poulton's performance is genuinely humorous, and his songs, one of which, with its accompaniment of dancing, was actually five times encored, have a quaint drollery about them which is certain to make the actor a favourite at this theatre. Mr. Terry, as Mrs. Sheppard, appears once more as an old woman in petticoats; and Mr. Fenton as an Old Bailey judge is ludicrously grave and pompous. The writing of the burlesque is occasionally lame, but this may have been due in some degree to the actors, who were generally far from perfect in their words. The puns, with a few exceptions, are poor, and, as a rule, they missed fire. The scenery is good, particularly Mr. Hall's View of Alsatia, with the River Thames and Old London Bridge. The performances include the farce of *The Day After the Wedding*, and the comedy of *The School for Coquettes*.

Two-and-twenty persons were brought up this week at Bow-street on a warrant, charged with contravention of the Betting Act, whereby each of them was liable to a penalty of 100*l*. From the opening statement of Mr. Poland, who prosecuted on behalf of the Treasury, it appeared that Frederick James Harding, the proprietor of a house, No. 4, Chapel-place, Brompton, had established what he called "The Knightsbridge Exchange (Limited)," of which Harding was the secretary. It was conducted like a betting-house, except that each person paid a subscription of 5*s*., for which he received a card of admission. The members were chiefly gentlemen's servants and tradesmen. Broadsheets were hung up against the walls, containing the bookmakers' betting prices, and bookmakers frequented the place to take bets from all comers. The sworn information of Inspector Clarke was read over. In this statement he deposed that he obtained admission to the house, and saw eighty or ninety persons engaged in betting or in betting negotiations. Witness made three bets. Subsequently he visited the place again, in company with Sergeant Gibbs, and then warned the proprietor against allowing betting on his premises, and showed him a letter from the Home Office, directing this caution to be given. The deposition of Sergeant Gibbs bore out the statements of Inspector Clarke, and added that the former was admitted into the house without payment through some person connected with "The Exchange." These witnesses having been examined by Mr. Poland, the case was remanded, those who did not make books being allowed to go on their own recognisances. Inspector Clarke then read out the names of the defendants who were alleged to be bookmakers. They were Skinner, West, Travers, Anstiss, Burgess, Hume, Parker, Fitch, Ayling, Moakes, and the two Kellys. Mr. Vaughan said he should require them to enter into their own recognisances in the sum of 50*l*., and each find a surety in 50*l*.

The Turf.

WEDNESDAY, the 14th, brought the usual crowd of sporting tykes to the Doncaster Town Moor; and though the weather had for days been dreary, the St. Leger of 1870 was run in temperature which afforded the most desirable September pleasures, while the course, by previous rains, had been prepared as if by mechanical agency.

Rarely has such an outsider landed the prize; and seldom has such a warm and persistent favourite succumbed to a winner at 28 to 1.

The result is a striking testimony to the merits of Macgregor, whom I considered would have won this race, and am now convinced must have beaten the entire field on Wednesday. The success of Hawthornden is a lucky plum to Mr. Morgan, who gave only 900 gs. for the horse, and who, previous to the race, had taken 5,000 to 100 from the Nottingham Town Councillor: thus reversing the sad run of ill-luck which has for a long time followed his colours. No jockey could have been more popular than Jemmy Grimshaw on the despised outsider, whom he rode with the most consummate horsemanship. It is difficult to reconcile the form of Hawthornden here with his previous running, either as a two or three-year-old. During his whole career he has only won five events out of eleven races for which he has competed; and of the six events for which he has been started as a three-year-old, apart from the St. Leger, he has only landed a single prize. He has always been considered deficient in stamina; and probably no horse in the race was considered less likely to compass the severe St. Leger course. This opinion, however, was formed upon his running, and not upon his breed; for his sire, Lord Clifden, won the St. Leger in 1863, when exactly the same number of horses competed; and being out of Bonny Blink, a Bay Middleton mare, he was certainly well bred enough for anything. Lord Falmouth took second and third honours with the favourite and Wheatear—a greatly improved filly. As we anticipated, Kingcraft failed to stay quite home; for which the metallicians had pretty well prepared backers by the increased odds at the post: and it is almost certain that Macgregor would have started first favourite had his number gone up. Still, Kingcraft ran a good race, and was not disgraced at the finish. Many a Derby hero before him has had to put up with second honours on the Town Moor. By the scratching of Macgregor, the public lost a reliable candidate, and Mr. Merry a handsome stake; but by the breaking down of Sunlight in the race, the public have been spared many a fatal speculation, and Mr. Merry again sacrifices a large sum in forfeits for prospective races in which the son of Stockwell would have met no foeman worthy of his steel. Hawthornden, by his success in the St. Leger, has incurred a 12 lb. penalty for the Cesarewitch, wherein he is handicapped at 7 st. On the first flush of victory, he found backers for this event at 100 to 10; but I do not estimate his chance very highly at 7 st. 12 lb., for in addition to two or three excellent three-year-olds, to whom he will be giving 2 st., there are others in the St. Leger to whom he will be giving lumps of weight in the Cesarewitch, and who ran well enough on Wednesday to demonstrate their superior chance at Newmarket.

Great was the company of buyers in the Sale Ring day by day; but small and unremunerative the prices. One of the best yearlings offered was the colt by Cathedral, out of Little Hannah, by Lanercost; but Tom Brown, the agent of the confederacy, carried him off for 150 gs. A very handsome filly, Veronica, by Macaroni, out of Etoile du Nord, was bought by Lord Vivian for 300 gs.; and Briggs secured for 140 gs. an extremely pretty filly, Countess Adelaide, by Macaroni, out of Georgiana, very cheaply indeed. Captain Machell added to his co-partnership stud a colt, bred by Lord Feversham, by Blair Athol out of Cordelia, named *Strathardle*, for 290 gs., and a brother to Braemar went to Joe Dawson for 400 gs. A beautiful colt, by Rataplan out of Eglantine, named Drummond, was bought by Tom Brown for 500 gs., having great symmetry and power. Captain Machell secured a highly promising colt by Saccharometer, out of Stolen Moments, for 500 gs.; and Mr. Walker took a prize for 200 gs. in the beautiful Excalibur, by Gladiateur out of Bathilde. The other purchases call for no special comment.

With the publication of the acceptances for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire early in the week, we have not had time to deal. They may, however, be looked upon as highly gratifying in numbers, considering the weakness of the handicaps. A large proportion of the best horses have cried content; and there promises to be immense speculation upon both the events. Hawthornden, after his success, may be said to have been installed favourite for the longer race. When matters have settled down, however, and the flush of victory subsided, he will be found to possess anything but a first rate chance for the eighteen furlongs. During the ensuing week, we shall carefully overhaul the chances of the several candidates for the Cesarewitch, and in our next number, offer our readers our best advice for present investments. The meetings of the ensuing week, such as Hampton, Hendon, Monmouth, &c., we can offer no advice upon, as all the events are of a character best left to post investments.

The following are the Performances and Engagements of the Winner of the St. Leger:—Hawthornden, by Lord Clifden, out of Bonny Blink, in 1869, when two years old, won Gladiateur Stakes at Newmarket July Meeting, 8st 4lb—car. 8st 5lb (J. Adams) beating Prince, 8st 7lb (second); c by King Tom—Katherine Logie, 8st 7lb (third); and two others; won by a length, two lengths between the second and third. At Reading, won the Reading Stakes, for two-year-olds, carrying 8st 10lb (J. Adams), beating Stockhausen, 8st 7lb (second); f by Atherstone—Hetty (third), and five others; won by half a length; a bad third. At Huntingdon, won the Hinchingbrook Stakes, for two-year-olds, carrying 9st 3lb (J. Adams), beating Pandore, 8st 13lb (second); Cestus, 8st 13lb (third); and three others; won by a neck, a length between second and third. At Stockton, carrying 8st 12lb, was not placed for the Hardwicke Stakes, for two-year-olds, won by La Rille; eight ran. At Newmarket Second October, carrying 8st 9lb, was not placed for Middle Park Plate, won by Frivolity, 8st 10lb, Sunshine, 8st 13lb, being second, and Kingcraft, 9st 2lb, third; won by a head, a short head separating second and third; seventeen ran. Same meeting, carrying 8st 13lb, was bad third for Prendergast Stakes, won by Atlantis, 9st, by a neck from Atlas, 8st 10lb, eight ran. In 1870, was not placed for the Two Thousand Guineas, at Newmarket, won by Macgregor, by five lengths, from Normanby, Kingcraft finishing three parts of a length behind the latter; ten ran. At Ascot, carrying 8st 12lb, was not placed for Queen's Stand Plate; won by King of the Forest, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb; eight ran. Same meeting, was not placed, carrying 8st 9lb, for First Class Wokingham; won by Allbrook, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb; eleven ran. At Goodwood, carrying 7st 11lb, was not placed for Stewards' Cup; won by Typhœus, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb; twenty-eight ran. Same meeting, carrying 6st 13lb, was not placed for Chichester Stakes; won by Tibthorpe, 6 yrs, 9st 2lb. At Doncaster, won the St. Leger, carrying 8st 10lb (J. Grimshaw), beating Kingcraft, 8st 10lb, second; Wheatear, 8st 5lb, third; and sixteen others. Same meeting, was not placed, carrying 7st 10lb (including 7lb extra) for the Portland Plate; twenty-one ran. Hawthornden is engaged in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, his weight for the former race being 7st 12lb (including 12lb extra), and for the latter 8st 7lb (including 12lb extra).

Sunlight, who sustained such a severe injury while running in the St. Leger, has been shot.

The Doncaster Cup this year, which has been won by Major Fridolin's Sornette, has been manufactured by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, after a design by Mr. G. A. Carter. The subject is Haldayn receiving King Egbert's banner previous to the battle between the Saxons and the Danes which was fought at Doncaster in 833. The old chronicle thus describes the incident:—

"Haldayn of Donkastre was chosen that ilk day
To bere the King's bannere ageyn the paien lay."

The artist has represented the priest blessing the banner in the presence of the King, who, seated on a war horse, looks down on the ceremony of consecration. The designer has adhered strictly to the costume of the period, and produced a picturesque group not wanting in breadth, while the details are elaborate and effective. The group is mounted on a pedestal of black wood, appropriately embellished with the arms of Doncaster. The work as a whole forms a very handsome prize, and is alike creditable to the designer and the manufacturers, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell.

On Saturday Henry Coulter, Thomas Morris, and Daniel Pamplin, three of the most celebrated professors in the art of natation, swam a mile in the Thames below bridge for the championship and 50*l*. The Cygnet steam-boat was engaged for the occasion, and the vessel left Old Swan pier with a large assemblage of persons. In consequence of men being hampered by small boats on previous occasions the course was not chosen until the steamer had got well under weigh. Captain H. Woods was appointed starter and judge, and the competitors entered the water at the mile mark from London-bridge to swim to the next one. This was not accomplished till past six o'clock in the evening, when Pamplin soon went in advance, followed by Morris, Coulter being in close attendance. They had not proceeded more than a third of the distance when Morris shot ahead, and despite the strenuous exertions of the others retained his advantage throughout, winning by about a score yards, Pamplin second, and Coulter well up to the latter.

The utmost interest has been excited both at home and in Canada by the four-oared professional boat-race for the championship of the world and £1,000, between crews from the Tyne and from St. John's, New Brunswick. The Tyne men, who get £200 for expenses, are: J. Taylor, T. Winship, J. Martin, and the champion sculler, J. Renforth. They left England nearly a month ago, and arrived in Canada in good health. The race was arranged to take place on Lake Lachine, smooth water being stipulated for. Neither crew carries a coxwain, the bow man steering by his feet, his toes working a lever that acts on the rudder. This apparatus was successfully tried at Henley two years ago by an Oxford four, but owing to the regulations of that regatta, the crew was subsequently disqualified. The St. John's crew consists, with one exception, of the same men who in 1867, at the Paris regatta, won the Amateur Fours from the London Rowing Club and an Oxford-Etonian crew. The correspondent of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who went out specially with the Tyne crew, has telegraphed the following to that journal:—"Montreal, Sept. 10.—The St. John crew were out this morning by daybreak, and rowed six miles. In the afternoon they were out again on the Lachine canal, and rowed well at from 42 to 48 strokes per minute. The Tyne crew rowed over the whole course this morning, and sailed and rowed over it again this evening. Our men are well and confident, but the St. John's crew are the favourites, and have the call for money in betting. The weather is very fine."

By Telegraph—English crew won by six lengths.

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11.

The CESAREWITCH STAKES, of 25 sovs each, 15 ft., with 200 added. The winner of the Doncaster St. Leger 12lb; second in the St. Leger, or the winner of the Doncaster Cup, 6lb extra; the winner of a handicap value 300 sovs after Sept. 8, at 10 a.m., 7lb; of any other handicap, 3lb extra; extra weights to be accumulative up to 10lb; second to receive 50 sovs. Cesarewitch Course (2 miles 2 fur. 28 yards). 93 subs.

	Yrs.	st.	lb.
Paganini	5	9	9
Spy	5	8	9
Capitaliste	5	8	9
Brigantine	4	8	7
Ethus	4	8	4
Heather Bell	4	8	2
Fervacques	5	8	2
Typhœus	5	8	2
Duke of Beaufort	4	8	0
True Blue	4	8	0
Hawthornden (incl. 12lb. extra)	3	7	12
Blueskin	5	7	12
Martyrdom	4	7	10
Dalby	a	7	10
Lady Masham	3	7	9
Arlington	4	7	8
Cardinal York	4	7	8
Oxonian	4	7	8
Mahonia	3	7	7
Ryshworth	4	7	7
Muster	3	7	7
Musket	3	7	7
Ploughboy	6	7	6
Royal Rake	4	7	5
Tabouret	5	7	5
Pax	3	7	5
Wheatear	3	7	5
Blandford	3	7	5
Tramp (late Agrippa, late Tramp)	4	7	4
Rossignol	3	7	4
Falkland	3	7	3
Mars	3	7	2
Myosotis	4	7	2
Tabernacle	3	7	0
Finesse	4	7	0
Nancy	a	6	13
Temple	3	6	13
Normanby	3	6	13
Faraway	4	6	12
Acaster	4	6	12
Kingsland	5	6	12
Knight of Athol	3	6	12
Torreador	3	6	11
Guy Dayrell	3	6	11
Sweet Sound	3	6	11
Bonny Swell	3	6	11
Chevreuse	3	6	11
Free Trade	3	6	11
Filibustier	3	6	10
Stanley	3	6	10
Wild Flower	4	6	10
Make Haste	5	6	10
Play	3	6	10
Recorder	3	6	9
Coutts	3	6	9
Clémence	5	6	8
Chérie	4	6	7
Mount Pleasant	3	6	7
Nero	3	6	7
Prince of Wales	3	6	7
Exciseman	3	6	7
Barford	3	6	7
Annie Wood	3	6	4
Miss Sheppard	3	6	4
Thunderstorm	3	6	4
Indian Ocean	3	6	4
Pompeii	4	6	4
Threatener	4	6	3
Magdala	3	6	2
Romaney	3	6	2
Mont Blanc	3	6	2
f by Colsterdale—Princess Maud	3	6	2
Adelaide	4	6	1
Rattlepate	3	6	1
Westley	3	6	0
Cradle	3	6	0
Lady Superior	3	5	13
Not Out	3	5	13
Dairymaid	4	5	10
Stock Purse	3	5	10
Adonis	3	5	10
Hollandaise	3	5	10
Sister to Chérie	3	5	10
Slipper	3	5	7
Ashfield	3	5	7
Candour	3	5	7
Cinderella	3	5	7
Nightjar	4	5	7
f by High Treason—Q.E.D.	3	5	7
f by Stockwell—Harebell	3	5	7
Flippant	3	5	7
Fearless	3	5	7
Sunlight	3	(dead)	

NEWMARKET HOUGHTON MEETING.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25.

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE STAKES of 25 sovs each, 10 ft., and only 5 if declared, with 100 added; the winner of the Doncaster St. Leger to carry 12lb; the second in the St. Leger, or the winner of the Doncaster Cup, 6lb extra; the winner of a handicap value 300 sovs, after Sept. 8, at 10 a.m., 7lb; of any other handicap, 3lb extra; extra weights to be accumulative up to 10lb; the winner of the Cesarewitch to carry 7lb over and above any other extra weight to which he may be liable; second to receive 50 sovs. Cambridgeshire Course (1 mile 240 yards). 256 subs, 93 of whom pay 5 sovs each.

	Yrs.	st.	lb.
Knight of the Garter	6	9	9
Vespasian	a	9	7
Heather Bell	4	8	11
Plaudit	6	8	10
The Spy	5	8	10
Brigantine	4	8	9
Oxonian	4	8	8
Hawthornden (incl. 12lb. extra)	3	8	7
Ethus	4	8	7
Sornette	3	8	7
Fichu	4	8	4
Ladas	4	8	4
Vagabond	4	8	4
Bigarreau	3	8	3
Miss Dayrell	4	8	2
Pretty John	5	8	1
Gourbi	4	8	1
Cock o' the Walk	5	7	12
Duke of Beaufort	4	7	12
Lord Hawthorn	4	7	12
Martyrdom	4	7	12
Vestminster	4	7	10
Ryshworth	4	7	10
Royal Rake	4	7	10
Monseigneur	3	7	10
Allbrook	4	7	10
Green Riband	3	7	9
Lady Masham	3	7	9
Islam	4	7	9
Taraban	6	7	9
Musket	3	7	8
Muster	3	7	8
Birthday	4	7	8
Rossignol	3	7	8
Mahonia	3	7	7
Uncas	5	7	7
Perry Down	4	7	7
Benbow	4	7	7
Mars	5	7	7
Arlington	4	7	7
Filibustier	3	7	7
Don Carlos	3	7	7
Blandford	3	7	7
Ignatia	4	7	7
L'Oise	4	7	7
Eckmuhl	4	7	6
Scarboro'	3	7	6
Actæa	a	7	5
Barrier	3	7	5
Van Amburgh	6	7	4
Tabernacle	3	7	4
Tramp	4	7	4
Acorn	5	7	4
Rafale	3	7	4
Suzanne	4	7	4
Mdle. de St. Igny	4	7	4
Frivolity	3	7	3
Charnwood	5	7	3
Clémence	5	7	2
Pax	3	7	2
Ploughboy	6	7	2
Badsworth	4	7	2
Cymbal	3	7	2
Honestish	6	7	2
Tamarind	3	7	2
Fusee	3	7	1
Bonny Swell	3	7	1
Soucar	3	7	0
Guy Dayrell	3	7	0
Robespierre	4	7	0
Knight of Athol	3	7	0
Atlantis	3	6	13
Nancy	a	6	13
Flyaway Jack	3	6	13
Recorder	3	6	12
Make Haste	5	6	12
Pandore	3	6	12
Lac	3	6	12
c by Rapid Rhone—Hetty	3	6	12
Toison d'Or	4	6	12
Free Trade	3	6	12
Mount Pleasant	3	6	11
Prince of Wales	3	6	11
Thor	4	6	11
Sweet Sound	3	6	11
Queen of Hearts	3	6	11
Stanley	3	6	10
Phantom	5	6	10
Picket	4	6	10
Consternation	4	6	10
Ben-An	4	6	10
Gouache	3	6	10
Hollandaise	3	6	9
Maid of Athol	3	6	9
Thunderstorm	3	6	8
Podesta	3	6	7
Aftermath	4	6	7
Exciseman	3	6	7
Chevreuse	3	6	7
Douglas	3	6	7
Barford	3	6	7
Forget-me-Not (incl. 3lb. extra)	3	6	7
Physiology	3	6	6
Ware Hare	3	6	6
Dark Cloud	3	6	4
Pompeii	4	6	4
Mont Blanc	3	6	4
Annie Wood	3	6	3
Miss Sheppard	3	6	2
Rattlepate	3	6	2
Threatener	4	6	2
Stockpurse	3	6	2
Vintner	3	6	1
Lady Superior	3	6	0
Westley	3	6	0
Carfax	3	6	0
Adonis	3	6	0
Syrian	3	6	0
Dairy Maid	4	6	0
Enfield	3	6	0
Not Out	3	6	0
Daylight	3	6	0
Asterope	3	6	0
Patrick	3	6	0
Dolphin	3	6	0
Henbane	3	6	0
Magdala	3	5	13
Gladice	4	5	12
Cradle	3	5	10
King of Clubs	3	5	10
Referee	3	5	10
Ashfield	3	5	10
Broadlea	3	5	10
Slipper	3	5	8
Dubois	3	5	7
Albany	3	5	7
Vandenhoff	3	5	7
c by Carnival—Leila	3	5	7
f by High Treason—Q.E.D.	3	5	7
Fanfare	3	5	7
Ironstone	3	5	7
Flippant	3	5	7
Flying Scud	6	paid	

BETTING AT DONCASTER.

CESAREWITCH.

12 to 1 agst Whenteur (taken)
500 to 40 — Tabernacle (taken)
15 to 1 — Hawthornden (taken)
15 to 1 — Falkland (taken)
25 to 1 — Adonis (taken)
25 to 1 — Typhœus (taken)
25 to 1 — Tabouret (taken)
33 to 1 — Bonny Swell (taken)
40 to 1 — Blueskin (taken)
40 to 1 — Musket (taken)
1000 to 20 — Blandford (taken)
1000 to 20 — Lady Superior (taken)
1000 to 10 — Dalby (taken)
1000 to 10 — Sweet Sound (taken)

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

25 to 1 agst Fanfare (taken)
1000 to 35 — Podesta (taken)
40 to 1 — Fichu (taken)
40 to 1 — Albany (taken)
40 to 1 — Tabernacle (taken)
40 to 1 — Frivolity (taken)
1000 to 15 — Dark Cloud (taken)

RACING FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

Salop	19	Kingsbury	22
Hampton Autumn	20	Manchester	23
Richmond	20	East Somerset	27
Sutton Park	20	Newmarket 1st October	27
Ayr	21	Chesterfield	28
Monmouth	22	Lanark	29

OCTOBER.

Curragh	1	Perth	12
Bedford	4	Kelso	18
Edinburgh	5	Cheltenham Autumn	18
Leicester	6	Curragh	18
Bromley	6	Newmarket Houghton	24
Newmarket 2nd October	10		

NOVEMBER.

Worcester	1	Shrewsbury	14
Liverpool Autumn	8		

In the Arena.

THE second half of the athletic season (the first of which was inaugurated by the London Athletic on the first Saturday in April) will soon commence, by the aforesaid club holding its first winter meeting in October. The meeting in April consisted of the competitions for the Club Challenge Cup, which had been, during the winter, presented by Mr. W. M. Chinnery and the Messrs. J. & W. Waddell, who are well known among athletes as the most ardent supporters of amateur pedestrianism. There was also a competition for the old Seven Miles' Walking Challenge Cup. The distances for the challenge cups are as follows, viz.: 100 yards, presented by Mr. W. Waddell; half-mile, by Mr. James Waddell; one mile, by Mr. W. M. Chinnery; and the sevens' walking, by Mr. Thompson. The afternoon's proceedings were opened by the preliminary heats of a 150 yards' handicap, which were won respectively by Mr. E. J. Colbeck, scratch; Mr. A. J. Baker, 4 yards' start; Mr. Eames, 4½; Mr. Butler, 9; Mr. Page, 7; and Mr. Emanuel, 7½. The final heat between these gentlemen resulting in the somewhat easy victory of Mr. Eames. The 100 Yards' Challenge Cup was next run for, in one heat, which resulted, to the surprise of everybody, in a dead heat between Messrs. Colbeck and Baker, with Mr. Toller third. In the run off, Mr. Baker slipped the starter, and won easily, Mr. Colbeck never fairly getting into his stride—and thus foreshadowing his defeats later on at the Champion Meeting. The Half-mile Challenge Cup brought out one first-class half-miler, one second-class, and several third: the first-class man, Mr. Somers Smith, winning easily; Mr. Sarl (the second-class) second, and Mr. Rye third. The Mile was simply a canter for Mr. E. Hawtrey. The Seven Miles' Walking Cup was won by Mr. R. H. Nunn, in the then best amateur time on record, and in a style that there could not be the shadow of a doubt as to its complete fairness and elegance, and a great contrast to that of other winners.

The Oxford and Cambridge meeting followed the next Wednesday, the results of the various competitions being all in favour of Oxford, with the exception of the Hurdle Race, which was carried off for Cambridge by Mr. Stirling, in a style that has seldom, if ever, been equalled: the only gentleman we can call to mind, who could have had a chance of beating him, is Mr. Tiffany. The 100 Yards' Race was notable for the extreme restlessness at the starting post of the Cambridge men—Messrs. Clarke and Dawson—and the good example set them by Mr. Willson of Oxford—in standing steady for the word "go." The race resulted in a very clever victory for Oxford, by the aid of Mr. Willson, who has thus, for the second successive year, carried off the "Inter-'Varsity" medal. The Three Miles' Race was a good contest between Messrs. Morgan and Hawtrey for two-and-a-half miles, when the Oxonian came away, and won easily by nearly one hundred yards—for the third year in succession. The Quarter Mile was one of the finest races of the day, Mr. Upcher—who was looked on as a certainty to carry off the race for Cambridge—meeting with defeat, by a yard, at the hands of Mr. Somers Smith, who, if he were but a little stronger in constitution, would be the most perfect gentleman athlete of the present day. The Mile Race turned out the certainty it appeared on paper for Mr. Benson, but only by a yard, after a desperate struggle with his stable-companion, Mr. Christie, whom he allowed to take far too long a lead in the last six hundred yards. The weight-putting and hammer-throwing were won for Oxford respectively, by Messrs. Burgess and Waite; and the high jump was "tied" for by Mr. Michell (Oxford) and Mr. Curteis (Cambridge). As noticed above, the majority of wins were greatly in favour of Oxford, who, since the establishment of these athletic contests, had only once previously carried off the odd event: but this triumph has made amends for many previous defeats.

The Champion Meeting next followed, on April 9th, when Mr. Baker, the holder of the L.A.C. Challenge, won the final heat of the 100 Yards' Race, and thus became champion; although Mr. W. Collett, who was disappointed in the second heats, had defeated him the first round of heats. Mr. Colbeck at last met with defeat, in his favourite quarter, from Mr. Upcher, the second in the University Quarter. While sympathising with Mr. Colbeck, we can assure him there is no disgrace in being beaten, as it is the fate of all good men sometimes during their career, and that it is only second-raters and duffers who always win—by running only when victory is certain. Mr. Benson won the Mile in a canter from a bad field; and Mr. Somers Smith ran a slashing race when he won the Half-mile. Mr. Riches ran a very patient and well-judged race in the Four Miles', and may attribute his victory over Mr. Hawtrey to his superior judgment and condition. The Seven Miles' Walking was a perfect treat: the exemplary fairness with which Mr. Griffith (the winner) and Mr. Nunn (the second) performed their task has seldom been witnessed; and, when it is taken into consideration that each of the first three (Mr. Bently was third) accomplished the distance in quicker time than had ever been done by gentlemen before, the walking for the championship of 1870 will always be favourably remembered. Mr. Mitchell, of Rosendale, carried off the high and broad jumps, the weight-putting, and pole-jumping, and, on each occasion, from well-known men. The weather at this meeting was, as usual, damp and showery, but we are happy to say that the attendance was larger than we have been accustomed to see of late years.

The remaining "crack" meetings of the year are Richmond and the Civil Service, and, on some future occasion, we shall allude to them.

All the moors in Nairnshire have been daily traversed since the opening of the partridge shooting, and a considerable quantity of game has been bagged. Partridges were perhaps never more numerous, and, as soon as all the crops are cut, there will be most excellent sport. On one small shooting-ground, where there were not more than 100 birds last year, 300 have been seen in a walk over this year. The partridges, like the grouse, are flocking. On the Cawdor Moors, the Earl of Cawdor, the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, M.P., Lord Emlyn, Lord William Thynne, and party, were out on the 3rd, and bagged 100 birds. The moors are still very largely stocked, and the same party have been out daily this week, and have obtained heavy returns. On the Lethen Moors and low grounds Mr. Brodie and party have been out daily since the 1st. On that day four guns in a few hours secured 2 grouse, 42 partridges, one snipe, and one hare. On the 2nd a party of three guns killed in a short time 35 partridges and two hares. On the 3rd the same number of guns secured 36 partridges and four hares. On the 5th one gentleman was out for the day, and killed one brace of grouse, five brace of partridges, one brace of teal ducks, one hare, and three rabbits; and on the 6th a party of four guns on the high grounds bagged five brace of grouse, seven brace of black game, eight and a half brace of partridges, one teal duck, five hares, and one rabbit.

Foot and mouth disease appears to be slightly on the increase in various parts of England. It has been troublesome in the western counties about Bridgewater and Exeter, and it is reported to have broken out close to Plymouth. The announcement of a fresh outbreak of the rinderpest in the wake of the German armies, and the consequent Privy Council Order, have induced the utmost vigilance at our ports on the south and east coasts, though up to the present the importation of diseased cattle seems to have steadily decreased, the return for August only giving an account of two infected animals, which were slaughtered at Littlehampton immediately on being landed from Honfleur.

Advertisements.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. F. B. Chatterton.—This Theatre (after having been redecorated) will OPEN for the AUTUMN DRAMATIC SEASON on SATURDAY, Sept. 24, when will be produced a new Historical Romantic Drama, entitled AMY ROBSART, written by Andrew Halliday, supported by a powerful Company, with new and characteristic scenery by William Beverly. Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling—Box-office open Saturday, Sept. 17.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Edmund Falconer. THIS EVENING, will be produced, a new and original Drama, by the author of "Peep o' Day," in Three Acts, entitled INNISFALLEN; or, The Men in the Gap. "Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell, With mem'ry's dream, that sunny smile Which o'er thee on that evening fell, When last I saw thy fairy isle." Principal characters by Mr. George Jordan, Mr. S. Emery, Mr. G. F. Sinclair, Mr. Charles Harcourt, Mr. Terrott, Mr. George Weston, and Mr. Edmund Falconer: Miss Patti Josephs, Miss O'Hara, Mrs. Holston, Miss Corbet Weston, and Miss Ernstone. Entirely new and characteristically beautiful scenery by Messrs. J. Johnson, Henderson, and O'Connor, illustrative of the loveliness that Nature mirrors in the Lakes of Killarney. "By Killarney's lakes and fells, Emerald isles and winding bays, Mountain paths and woodland dells, Mem'ry ever fondly strays." The musical accompaniments, inclusive of two new melodies, arranged and composed by Mr. John Barnard, the Conducter of the Orchestra. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. H. Barnett. Previous to the Drama, a Comedietta. To commence at Seven.—Box-office open daily from ten till five.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Benj. Webster.—Open for the season.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), Sep. 17, and during the following week, the performances will commence with Stirling Coyne's Farce, in one act, WANTED, A THOUSAND MILLINERS, in which Messrs. Vollaire, J. Rouse, J. Murray, Misses Marian Hill, S. Morgan, J. Lovell, and Mrs. Stephens will appear. After which, a new Romantic Drama, in three acts, entitled THE RAPPAREE; or, the Treaty of Limerick. Written by Dion Boucicault. Roderick O'Malley, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Pontis Duquesne, Mr. W. Rignold; General Ginckel, Mr. John Clayton; Colonel O'Hara, Mr. A. Rayner; Ullick M'Murragh, Mr. E. F. Edgar; Mountchesnay, Mr. H. Westland; Sholto Vesey, Mr. A. Lilly; the Doctor, Mr. Sheil Barry; Connor Roe, Mr. John Reynolds; Grace, Miss Katharine Rodgers; Patrice, Miss M. Cooper. The Scenery painted by F. Lloyds, Mr. Hann, and Mr. Maugham. To conclude with Lover's laughable Farce of THE HAPPY MAN, in which Mr. Sheil Barry, Mr. Vollaire, Mr. Marshall, Miss Merton, &c. will appear.—Box-office open daily from ten till five.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—7.0. Ballet. Herr Carle, Mdlle. Emma Carle, and Corps de Ballet.

GAIETY.—7.30. BEGGAR'S OPERA, by Gay, (3rd time.) Polly, Miss Loseby; Lucy, Miss Tremaine; Captain Macheath, Mr. Beverley; Mat o' the Mint, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Filch, Mr. Stoyle; Peachum, Mr. Maclean; Mrs. Peachum, Mrs. H. Leigh; Lockit, Mr. Perrini; other characters by Miss Maria Harris, Miss Egerton, Miss Love, &c. Chorus.

GAIETY.—8.45 (18th time), OFFENBACH'S

GAIETY.—BLUE BEARD. Three Acts.

GAIETY.—Miss JULIA MATTHEWS, Mr. Beverley, the new Tenor, Miss Loseby, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Perrini, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Stoyle, Mr. Aynsley Cook. Increased ballet, chorus, and band. Dance of Fools, and American Can-Can Herr Carle, Mdlle. Emma Carle, and Corps de Ballet.

QUEEN'S.—Mr. PHELPS will make his first appearance at this theatre TO-NIGHT (Saturday), as Bottom the Weaver, in Shakspeare's Play of a MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, which has been for some months in preparation.

QUEEN'S.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM having been several months in preparation will be produced TO-NIGHT, (Saturday) Sept. 17. 150 Elves and Fairies.

QUEEN'S.—MENDELSSOHN'S MUSIC, with an enlarged band and efficient chorus, in A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, TO-NIGHT.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston.—THIS EVENING, at 7, Mr. C. M. Rae's new and original farce, POPPLETON'S PREDICAMENTS. Followed by HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES. To conclude with Mr. Reece's admired romance of UNDINE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES, an entirely new comedy-drama, by Tom Taylor Esq., TO-NIGHT, at a quarter to eight, with new and beautiful scenery, dresses, &c., and in which Mr. Compton will appear.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.—Mesdames Mattie Reinhardt, Charlotte Saunders, and Maria B. Jones; Messrs. Vaughan, Elliott, Jordan, Newbound, Robinson, Charles Warner, and G. Belmore, in the new comedy-drama, this evening (Saturday), Sept. 17, at a quarter to eight.—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

HANDSOME IS THAT HANDSOME DOES.—Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. David Fisher, and Mr. Compton in Tom Taylor's new comedy-drama, this evening (Saturday), Sept. 17, at a quarter to eight. Magnificent scenery and effects. Powerful company. OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Triumphant success of the grand, new, and original Hurly-Burly-Esque, by H. B. Farnie, entitled THE IDLE 'PRENTICE; or, High Low Jack and his Little Game. All the songs and dances rapturously encored. New scenery by Messrs. Fenton and Hall. Beautiful dresses and appointments. Characters by Messrs. Edward Terry, H. Turner, Barnett, C. Fenton, Edge, and Harry Paulton. Mesdames Amy Sheridan, E. Bufton, Kate Santley, B. Goodall, J. Lee, Raymond, Metcalf, Farren, Luxmore, Cullen, Lennox, &c. Notice: Doors open at half-past six, commence at seven. Secure your seats at the box-office.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—Lessees, Messrs. H. J. Montague, D. James, and T. Thorne.—THIS EVENING, at 7.30, CHISELLING. David James (his 7th appearance), Lin Rayne, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Miss Lavis, and Miss L. Claire.

THIS EVENING, at eight o'clock, new and original Comedy in Three Acts, by J. Albery, TWO ROSES. Messrs. T. Thorne, H. Irving, George Honey, Lin Rayne, W. H. Stephens; Mesdames Lavis, A. Newton, and Amy Fawsitt.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Strand.—THIS EVENING, at 9.45, DON CARLOS, by Conway Edwardes. Messrs. T. Thorne, G. Honey, H. Elton; Mesdames Nelly Power, A. Newton, R. Evelyn, and L. Claire.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, Bishopsgate.—THIS EVENING (Saturday), will be produced the great Olympic drama of LITTLE EMILY, with all the Olympic scenery, costumes, and effects. The Wreck and the Canterbury Cathedral scenes have been especially enlarged to suit the increased proportions of the stage of this theatre.

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